

GETAWAY

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA



The official meeting place of freaks since 1910 • Volume 84 Issue 18, no wait, ...25 • Tuesday, December 13, 1994

University closed for longer break

by Tarot Teller and Guido Santino

Students will get a longer Christmas break than they first thought. In an emergency Bored of Governors meeting held Friday, University of Alberta administrators decided to keep the University closed for an additional two weeks because the U of A is in dire financial straits.

"We are not particularly happy with the situation, but we are making the best of a terrible situation," said Roger Smith, former CEO of General Motors, now acting U of A vp academic, now acting as U of A president.

The Geritol Facilities Counter declared that the U of A was in a

just what we will do," said Smith.

While it may seem an ominous sign for the health of the University, some professors rejoiced at the development.

"We are actually fucking happy to get away from this shithole for an extra month. Who the hell wants to work with the budget axe hanging over one's head?" said an exasperated professor.

The announcement means that all University buildings will be closed from December 23 to January 17.

Students' Union hacks believe it is a godsend. Although they were hesitant to speak to *Getaway* reporters, it has been confirmed the executive has booked a condo in Maui

"We are actually fucking happy to get away from this shithole for an extra month. Who the hell wants to work with the budget axe hanging over one's head?"

—An exasperated professor

state of financial exigency last week and has held high-powered meetings with representatives from NASA and the Association of Academic Stiffs.

"Just like the horizon is a marvel of budget-constraintment, so shall the U of A become one. I want to make this University buzz with the same sweet sound of the K-Car, the Gremlin, or any other quality economy vehicle. And if we have to shut down the church of reason for a month to make it function, that is

for the month of February.

When questioned about the booking, one SU portfolio-holding elected official responded by saying, "Don't bust my ass, it ain't my money, it's yours. And get that paparazzi outta my face."

Some unnamed University officials suggested going to your professors' houses to acquire instruction for the lost month. There has been no reaction to this suggestion from the Association of Academic Stiffs.

University hours

December 23-31— CLOSED
January— CLOSED



Michel The River

Klutch K. Kawasaki takes a quick coke break before another SU power meeting.

SU given massive grant to do what they do best

by Guido Santino

The University of Alberta Students' Union has received a windfall from the provincial government to the tune of \$1.2 million.

The announcement was made by Premier Ralf Kline Monday, with the funds coming from the now-defunct Alberta Heritage Fund.

The same pool of cash that gave you the Rutherford Scholarships in high school has been liquidated to pay off the evil debt and in a surprise move, Kline presented SU

president Cuzzane Plotte with a \$1.2 million cheque.

The purpose of the money is to fight federal minister of Human Resources Lloyd AXEworthy's Green paper which calls for the dismantling of post-secondary education in Canada.

"It's going to a good cause. The SU executive has been needing a retreat for a long time. I think it's been a week since the orgy at the Hilton," said Plotte.

Although the SU plans to spend

most of the money on booze, drugs and hotels suites for themselves, Plotte said she would earmark some of it to "buy more paper for letter writing campaigns against the Green paper. I've been writing on anything I can get my hands on, and we just need some more damn paper."

She also hinted that a postcard campaign would be started, but cautioned students not to look for the postcards until a \$10,000 "impact study" is completed. Unoffi-

cially, the *Getaway* has learned that former SU president and Plotte's current flame, Randy Boyheisnott will undertake the job.

Kline told reporters at a press conference that the U of A SU deserved the money since they "make freaking great drinking buddies."

SU vp external Klutch K. Kawasaki said the move is indicative of the government's responsiveness to student concerns.

"They are well aware of my \$1000 a day blow habit, so this money is

long overdue. I mean, how do they expect me to pay my dealer off when I bust my ass for the bloody SU and only make \$1200 a month?" pondered Kawasaki, alluding to his continuing cocaine addiction.

In the meantime, Plotte wants students to bring to her ideas on how to spend the money left over after the infamous SU executive Christmas bash. She also encourages students to bring her presents whenever possible.

**"Humour, like heroin,
should be shot not
snorted."
—Life's little manual**

Fuck you, loyal reader!.....page 1
More crap from our useless writers....page 5
You shitheads eat this up, right?.....page 8
Like you care.....page 11

Campus Connundrums...

A weekly compendium of events not happening on campuses across Canada.

Steroids in hockey?

The Discord
Wolfred Laurel University may have more than just a new female hockey team; the players may be the next American gladiators.

Three varsity players have tested positive for steroids, however sources for the University say the number may be even higher.

"We won a game so now our confidence level is up," said head coach Charly Frances, who claims the team's victory was due entirely to "giving 110 per cent and showing a lot of character."

The players will stand before a disciplinary board, however a few of the women aren't worried about being kicked off the team. "I hear they are always looking for sports types in China," one player was overheard saying.

Sorry about the mess, AXE

The Carleton
Student representatives from several eastern universities issued an apology for inciting 14,000 students to demonstrate outside Parliament.

The students marched to Parliament Hill to protest increases in tuition last November. They chanted, sang, and even danced to show their displeasure with federal Human Resources minister Lloyd Axworthy's Green paper.

"We should have known that a riot would not attract as much

attention as a letter-writing campaign or a postcard campaign," acknowledged Abby Hofmann, SU president at Carleton University.

Hofmann and other student leaders say they will look to the University of Alberta's tried and true approach of "silent diplomacy."

Free money?

The Sheik
\$20,000 doesn't last very long. The Students' Union at the University of Saskatchewan will have to return the money that the provincial government gave it to fight the federal Green paper. The paper states that tuition could cost as much as \$8000 next year and students will have to rely increasingly on loans to fund their education.

"Damn Indian givers!" one SU executive member was overheard saying.

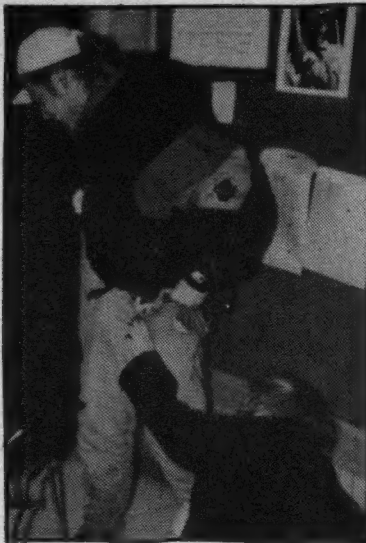
The Saskatchewan provincial government claims that it had to rescind its offer because of outstanding debts to Louis Riel's relatives.

Student representatives don't know now how they will fight the feds.

"I suppose we could start a letter-writing campaign," said one anonymous SU executive member.

—compiled by
Jellied Willies
a.k.a. Tarot Teller
a.k.a. Hera

Chewnard victimized again



1. The assailant disrobes the intended victim.

by Jimmy Olsen

Jason Chewnard has been right all along. The *Getaway* has proof that not only supports Chewnard's claims that he has been victimized by women since birth, but also reveals that he has been sexually assaulted.

"It's not that I hate women, but they are the root of all evil in the world. I mean, I gave them a chance. I gave them understanding, I gave them love. I feel so violated, I can't believe this could happen to me. You always think rape is something that happens to other people. I was wrong," said a tearful Chewnard.

During the assault Chewnard cried out to any passers-by, begging for help, for release from his imposed hell. However, his cries fell on deaf ears as no one would come to his rescue. The perpetra-



2. The vixen pulls the defenceless Chewnard to the floor.

tor apparently told them she was just "fooling around, it's all in good fun."

Chewnard says he didn't have much fun and will organize a grassroots healing circle for men who have experienced similar assaults

"It's not that I hate women, but they are the root of all evil in the world."

—Jason Chewnard, victim

on their persons. His group will talk about the torment and humiliation that victims feel months and even years after an assault.

"I just want to help. I know what it is like to go through an unwanted intrusion on my sexual self, and I want to help others and prevent it



3. The seductress then has her way with poor Chewnard.

in the first place. Those evil little cunts cannot be trusted with a man's inner self, let alone something as precious and special as a sexual relationship," explains Chewnard.

Campus Security is investigating, but they say it is unlikely they will lay any charges.

"There really is no physical evidence and the girl is an up-standing member of the University community. She is a pre-Med student and a member of a sorority. So we don't have a lot to go on," said Crime Aplenty, Campus Security director.

Meanwhile, Chewnard hopes to escape the publicity by spending the Christmas holidays isolated with his men's group in the Rocky Mountains where they will conduct healing ceremonies.

U prof lectures

by Tarot Teller

A professor at the University of Alberta says he has information that will change our impression of politics forever.

"We have in our possession right now, tapes that clearly reveal that former American president Richard M. Nixon was somehow involved in the break-in at the Democratic party offices at the Watergate hotel," explained Bud Spankemann, a professor in the department of History, Art, and Classics, at Monday's lecture. "But we still don't know how and why."

The presentation was the first in a three part series sponsored by the HAC Arts society.

"Dr. Spankemann's research will certainly bring attention to our university," said Pat Inclements, the dean of Arts. Spankemann and his team of 15 researchers received a grant from the New Democratic party to investigate the situation which Spankemann has dubbed, "Nixon and the tapes."

There were some in attendance who questioned Spankemann's findings. "I can't believe this," said third year Arts student Olivier Stones. I find it hard to believe that Nixon could be involved in something like that," Stones added that he would do his own research.

Spankemann said he will release his findings to the media after he has confirmed his discovery, but added "I would like to wait, out of respect for Mr. Nixon, until he dies before I release my research. He is a great man."

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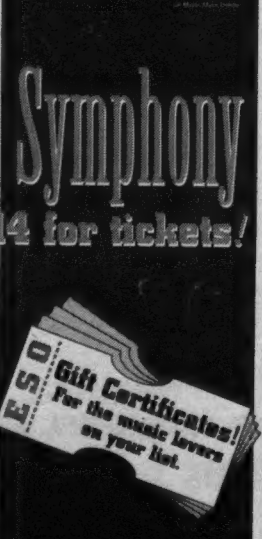
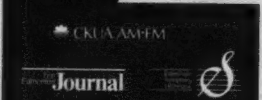
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...Another Service of Your Student Union

KAs land in KAB, dissolve SU

by Guido Santino

The Kappa Alba taskmasters of the Spudents' Union executive have decided that enough is enough.

They dissolved the SU executive early Monday morning.

Henceforth, the University of Alberta student organization shall be directed by anonymous persons in the higher echelons of the KA hierarchy.

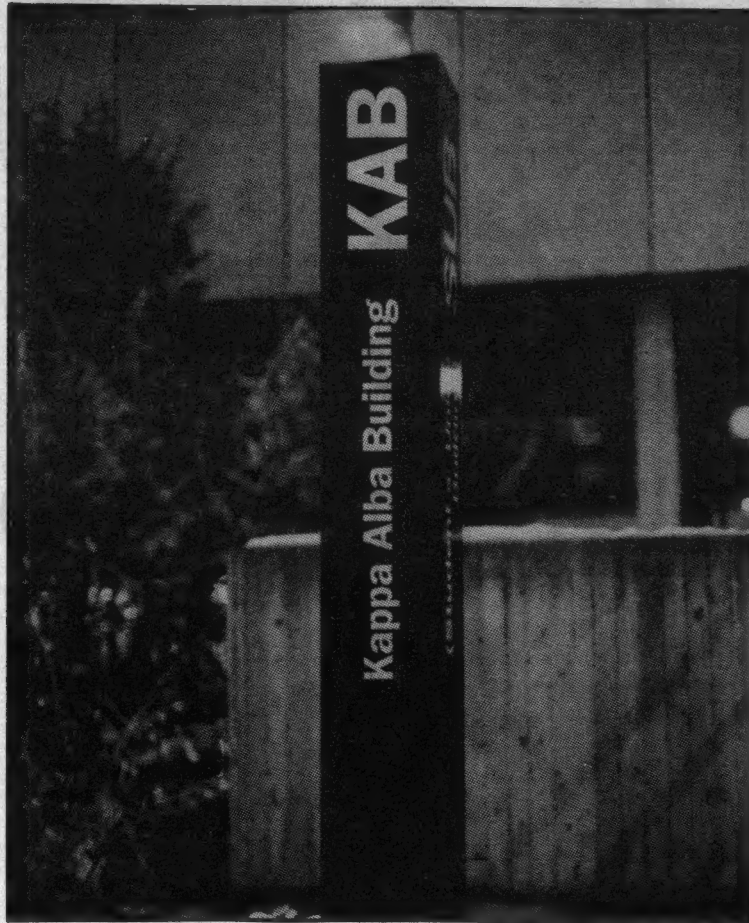
The Spudents' Union Building has been renamed the Kappa Alba Building (KAB) and the Room at the Top, a popular campus bar, is now called Kappa Albas at the Top (KAATT).

"It won't be that big a change really. It just means sealing off the second floor of the Kappa Alba Building so our operatives can function without interruption. The Grand Scheme must be carried out at all costs," said a high-ranking KA, who did not want to be identified.

Some alterations have already been noted. A strange communications tower has been erected on the top of KAB.

Albert Sky, a U of A astronomer, says it seems to be receiving signals from Zoltron 8, a planet in the Dilithium system. All attempts to decode the messages have failed.

Other fraternities on campus are afraid the KAs will wipe out any opposition to the KA's alleged goal: to carry out the colonization of earth for their robot masters on Zoltron 8. Some *Getaway* sources have speculated that the keys the KAs wear around their necks are more than a fraternity symbol—they think the key is actually used in decoding the messages from their



Candy Clodwell

All paths lead to KAB. The KAs have made it so.

home planet.

"It's pretty obvious to us. We have suspected for years, why else would they plant moles in the SU? And that freaking key they wear says it all. It is clear to our members that they are evil alien invaders. Don't say we didn't warn you," said Chet McStudd, a member of Delta Omicron Gamma.

He said some members of DOG were vaporized one night after they

broke into the KA house to steal their flag as part of a good-natured fraternity prank.

"We lost three good men that day. I guess they just saw too much in there. I always knew this day would come," said McStudd.

University officials refused to comment, except for saying that "the Imperium will rise once again on new, fertile earth-soil."

New frats pine on ass tokens

by Jellied Willies

At least three new fraternities will be gracing the University of Alberta campus in the new year.

Alpha Sigma Sigma is reputedly one of the big-name American fraternities which will now be on Canadian campuses (sort of like Walmart). Several members of ASS have already been spotted on campus recruiting members.

However, concerns have been raised that some of their initiation practices could violate current codes.

"Well, sacrificing sheep, mass beatings, and frequent anal intrusions surely aren't illegal in Canada, are they?" questioned ASS president Dirk Sureape. He added that these practices are common throughout the US.

Another new fraternity, Kappa Upsilon Nu Tau, said they would never stoop to the evil practices ASS members engage in. However, they have no qualms about

"Well, sacrificing sheep, mass beatings, and frequent anal intrusions surely aren't illegal in Canada, are they?"

—ASS president Dirk Sureape

working with current Kappa Alba members in humiliating anyone who dares to enter their house with pants on.

"We have a strict no pants rule. It helps morale, plus, with all the prostitutes, it's just quicker," said

KUNT president Pil Fillmeup.

Hot Killmore, Imperial Majesty of the KAs, agreed that the KUNTS will have to employ drastic measures to enforce the "no pants rule."

"It is a serious violation of current ass codes, which we adhere to religiously," said Killmore. "Torence Feelmitch and Randy Boyishenott have never violated any of the ass codes. In fact, they go all out, fully naked. Together. What was the question?"

Under the new fraternity system, members will become free agents, and will be able to take bids from the different groups. Reportedly, "token" members, or those belonging to members of distinct minorities, will command the biggest bucks.

Speech code in effect at U

nated against including gender, and sexual orientation.

Besides, says Gall, there's such thing as absolute freedom of expression.

which indicate that campus will be able to discriminate, with the protection of the law.

the section "shall be deemed to be in violation of the free and reasonable expression of opinion on any subject" has also been included.

I hope not," says Gall. "I think it's just putting a speech code in place."

at almost all the human rights violations looks like this new section will be people's choice.

Gall agrees

the Campus Law Review

Selling the U of A

by Carlos T. Jackal

In accordance with the new provincial guidelines for privatization, the University of Alberta has enacted some startling new measures for solving its current financial crisis. Effective January 1, 1995, the U of A will be totally privatized. However, the complete cutting off of funds will not adversely affect the University, said acting-vp of acting-vp, Gland Harrison. "We will be accessing many contingency plans that will aggressively limit the negative impacting of the economic reverse-upsizing," he added.

Accordingly, many new ideas are being implemented to increase funding from the corporate sector. The new Sponsor-a-Student program will enable corporate sponsors to subsidize a student's tuition. In exchange, the student agrees to wear the corporate logo twenty four hours a day, and the student must make one 'Educational Announcement' per day.

"I really like the idea," said Jerry Sellmysoul. "I think that we need to find alternate ways to finance our education, and did I mention that I drink a cool refreshing Coke™ product while studying for those tough exams?"

As well, many new co-op programs will be offered. The new faculty of Agriculture, Forestry, Home Economics, Miscellaneous, and Etc will be offering work experience programs in co-operation with local industry. Skippy

Pinhead, manager of a local MacBurger, has already hired many highly trained students. "Yeah, they're workin' out pretty good, although it took awhile to break them into the system. We have a really complicated method of making fries here."

With the new NAFTA agreement, the faculty of Ag-For-Home-Ec-Misc-Etc will also be offering a course in Mexican Labour Techniques. Students will have the opportunity to study multinational workforce management—from a unique perspective. "Picking cabbages at 22 cents an hour, well, at least it is better than working at Earlys," said John Wetback, a second year student of the faculty.

Incoming CEO of the University, Rod Brassiere has endorsed the proposals. "I think that these ideas can only benefit the University. The U of A has to think of itself as a company, and we have to tailor our programs to reflect the needs of our customers. Wouldn't it be great if we could be more like Walmart? We would have satisfied customers, and make a tremendous profit at the same time! A profit would mean that we have done our jobs, and would deserve higher salaries. I say slash and burn, babies, just burn this whole damn world down," giggled Brassiere.

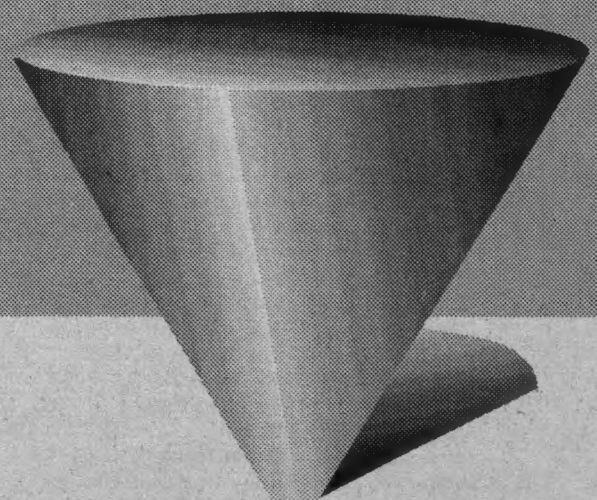
The faculty of Business, in conjunction with the Principal Group, will be offering an Investment Management course. Please pay in advance.

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- Visual Product Management 100, a prerequisite for Human Placement Specialties 300
- Telecommunications Negotiations 240

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**Rabid
Nunno-Obscene**

"I guess being mean to people—you know, burning them and stuff—isn't really that nice at all. Yikes. Ow."

—Adolf Hitler
Mein Sad, Burning Kampf, 1987.

On November 29 of this year, fourteen of Satan's minions beat, burned, and cooked marshmallows on 370 citizens of hell for simple ice cube possession. According to a report in *Purgatory and Beyond*, the men and women were hoarded into a fiery chamber and physically abused as former blind writer and current Hellian Minister of Humiliation John Milton played Bob Denver albums at full blast.

"Childbirth was a jaunt through a fuckin' daisy field compared to this," said a charred Ma Barker, "and it was only two cubes. Mad-

W a c k y S c o f f

The Ice-Cube Incident

ness I say, madness!"

The irresponsible rag, *The Hell Journal*, described the incident as routine torture due to sin, neglecting to mention the flagrant violations of the United Satans' Charter. Typical.

I personally attempted to call the office of Satan and his executive assistant called me a pinko. She also said ice cube trafficking has no place in the Republic of Hell.

As our purgatorial collective carries on soul-trade negotiations with Hell, the rights of millions of post-humans are being ignored. Every three minutes, four hundred of our ancestors and favorite villains are being unjustly punished for rubbing ice cubes on their chests and cheeks. Does the *Journal* or any other mainstream afterlife media cover these violations? No. It just ain't good business. And in this metaworld, money talks.

Ice cubes, contrary to Satanic propaganda, are not only an enjoy-

able treat, but they have a plethora of economic benefits. For example, we wouldn't have to eat fish right away, we could put the little fatties on ice and they could stay fresh for hours. It's obvious. Or how about cocktails? If there's one redeeming factor about Hell, it's free drugs and cocktails. How do you keep cocktails cold in a 350C universe? With ice cubes. Satan would certainly agree with that.

In the *real* Satanic bible, the red tyrant writes, "nothing enjoyable, outside of sinful things, is allowed in Hell. Any coolants, such as ice cubes, snowballs, Canadian lake water or iced cappuccinos, are strictly prohibited."

This is absurd. Satan has been photographed with Ernest Hemingway drinking booze like a

madman (or madman-like thing), throwing ice cubes around and speaking arcane languages with the old American sod. This goes on

cubes from us. They are just as addictive as cocaine and they can be used during adultery, fat-person-bashing and other sinful acts—

acts Satan approves of.

In the words of inferno anarchist Ben Franklin, "if you let us do whatever the Hell (pardon the pun) we want, we'll be far more sinful...far more fit for Hades."

How can we fight the hypocrisy of Satan, of *The Hell Journal*, and of that ugly old bastard John Milton? If every-

one has ice cubes, they cannot burn and cook marshmallows on all of us. They cannot unjustly punish us all.

Float up, denizens of Purgatory and victims in Hell. We cannot be complacent. Fire hurts.

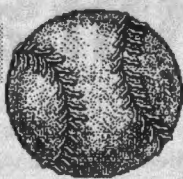


while the rest of Hell's population is forced to buy potentially dangerous cubes off the street, rubbing themselves in the backrooms of filthy furnace rooms.

Let us suffer properly, I say. There is no need to withhold ice

the sanitarium

Happy



The campus is a lovely place: squirrels and birds frequent the walkways. Eager to receive attention and unrelenting love, they are unafraid. Sometimes they will accompany a student to class in order to broaden their minds. The cold is no consideration, it is simply mother nature's fuzzy, white blanket which allows the grass and trees to have a lengthy winter slumber.

The wind dances and talks with us, and we are happy to have him—we are so warmed by the love per-



meating every aspect of life that he does not chill us. Those who enjoy inhaling tobacco smoke do so wherever they choose, and we are happy for them, for we know it gives them pleasure. The damage done to our lungs is a small price to pay for the knowledge that we have made someone happy. Those who wish to engage in physical contact of varying degrees do so. There are couches throughout the University which we happily vacate for them. The noise and stray fluids are of little concern as long as we have protected their freedom.

We all share the same views about government and society, for they are devoted to encouraging our personal happiness, and we love them for it. Confrontation is avoided by a simple rule: everyone is right. It makes you feel good when you are right.

Here are some important news items for this week's column:

All letters to the editor are right.

All articles they comment upon are equally correct.

The staff is overjoyed at the chance to interact with the readership—we could not function without your love.

The Paleish Klub and its members are pillars of truth and justice supporting the roof that is our appreciation for their existence.

Everything is the same as last week and everything will be the same next week. Such is our perfect world.

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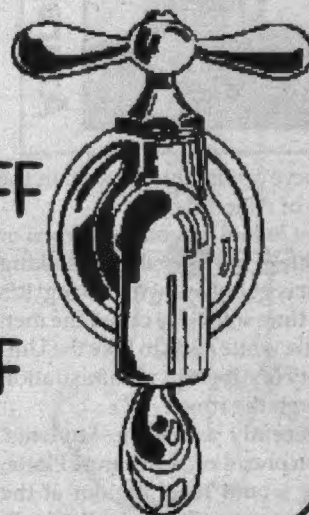
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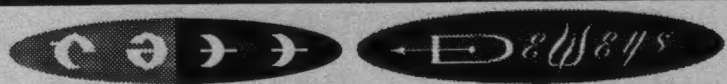
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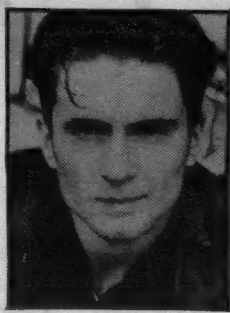
deweys and ratt will be open throughout the season, so that we might all rejoice in a manner that befits a large group of people suddenly freed from the stress and weirdness that is exams and papers. join us as we kick back and relax with a few friendly kegs, a few jagers, and maybe a case or two of mistletoe...

peace, love, and harmony,
the staff



This is a Space
Filler. Love it.
Touch it. Feel it.
Oh yeah. Uh huh.





Bod Babble-yuks

the dog's balls Hey! Look at me!!



Sex. Hermaphrodites. Dancing at The Rebar. Humanity. Is evolving. And revolving. Groovin'. Movin'. Cool. Sentence fragments. Hey kiddies, Bod here. Yep. It's me, Bod Babble-yuks.

Remember when you were a kid in grade four making paper airplanes and throwing them at the substitute teacher? Yeah, me neither. But it sure was neat, huh? Man, am I cool. I even get an extra "O". That's how cool I am. As in really.

I walk the walk and I talk the talk. I play the game and I Play It Loud. I am. Come in, sit down, enjoy.

Sega!

As a matter of fact I was just

down at Screwie's and everyone loved me. They didn't all yell out "Bod!" or anything when I walked in, but I could tell. They all wanted me.

I love to dance. You should see my moves. Hot damn, am I sexy! My libido is somewhere in the troposphere. Man, that's high. I get so worked up when I'm dancing that I lose all conception of space and time. Ever since I was a small child sitting at home while the world revolved around me, I've loved to dance. And it's all because of *The Charlie Brown Christmas Special*. Have you seen this show? Have you seen the dance scenes? Impossible. If I could dance like that...my life would be over. Really. To dance like Snoopy would be the culmination of my entire life's work—but then what would be left to live for?

Nothing, that's what. Of course, nothing really isn't something. Oh man, I'm confused...but Holy spit can that freakin' dog groove! He is a groove puppy. If I was a girl...and a dog, of course...umm, and a cartoon...ah, screw it.

I've often been criticized because my articles don't make any sense, but then again, they eat chicken wings in Zimbabwe. Probably. So there. Is my point. I knew that. It had to be around here. Someplace.

I want to live. Shocking I know, but there it is. I want to live. I want to do all the things in this world that are fun and happy. I don't want to be bothered with intolerance, prejudice or

hate. I want to live in a utopia, where all people are entitled to be and feel the way they want to be and feel and don't have to put up with anyone else's bullshit. I don't want to have to explain myself or

my actions to other people simply because they feel like controlling everything around them. But most of all, I want to dance.

I want to lose myself in the un-

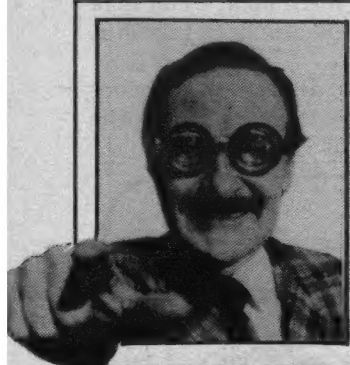
controllable rhythms and gyrations of my body as the music builds and pounds away. I want to feel nothing but peace, happiness and the music as it carries me away. I want to dance like Snoopy around all the pathetic Christmas trees in the world and make them beautiful. I want to walk into all the Screwie's in the world and hear them yell "Bod!" at me in divine greeting. I want to throw paper airplanes on lazy summer days and have every substitute teacher play along with my crazy antics.

I think I may be losing the point here, but basically, all I am really trying to say is that, if they can eat chicken wings in Zimbabwe, why can't kittens in China perform algebraic equations? It just isn't fair.



CATTIN '94

the new and improved rite Mouthing Off about Something Inane



Azure Lerant

There's something rotten in the state of Alberta.

Not to rain on your paparrazi or anything, but this ship is sinking and it is going out with a bang! It's high time someone called the men in little white suits to take the University of Alberta's administration through the ringer.

I recently asked the Students' Union president, Cuzzanne Plotte, if she would meet me out at the garbage cans after school to talk about a "problem" which recently

came up. I haven't really had time to think about it, but it smells like noise. I was hoping she would enlighten me as to what she was planning to do about it. The whole sha-bang ruffles my fur—and I'm not talking small fry, either.

I've St. Nich-named the problem "Platform Building 1000012" in the hopes that its "resolution" will give me an arm to stand on. These problems seem to read like *A Clockwork Orange* and they just don't sit well in my intestine. In fact, the chill this problem casts over the U of A makes my blood boil.

If something isn't "done" soon, life as I know it will fall down the drain and sky-rocket into oblivion. And don't pretend you don't know

about this problem. It's big, big "news".

If this problem is allowed to continue growing, it may get lost in the boogie. I suggest action before it's too late. No one has to actually be

affected by this "problem" for me to want to stop it in its boots. All I need is some oil and water to ensure that it never floats in my bicycle pond.

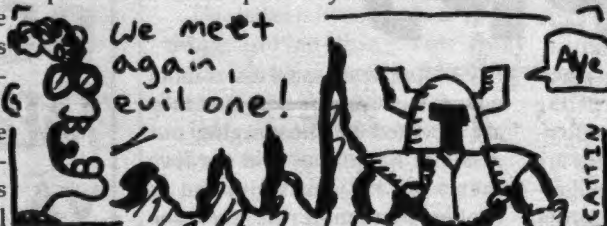
I rely on this University to keep me on my finger-tips. All I have to do is close my eyes for two seconds and the "administration" tries to pull a quick one on me. Who do they think they are? I am the supreme ruler of this University and if there is a problem that I didn't create myself, I want to stop it! End the gain...end the gain!!!

Do you "hate" problems too? If

you do, tell the world but remember to veil your words in rhetoric. What do you think about execs refusing to "speak" with me, the supreme ruler? If your thoughts are pitiful, then keep your mouth open, or at least not closed, because we are united in our similar things in common.

I'm all in favour of good "writing". But not at the expense of lame rhetoric. A grammar book may be appropriate for a real newspaper, but not for the *Getaway*.

That problem is still cookin' up a stink as "we" speak, and I charge the U of A administration with my lance!



CATTIN

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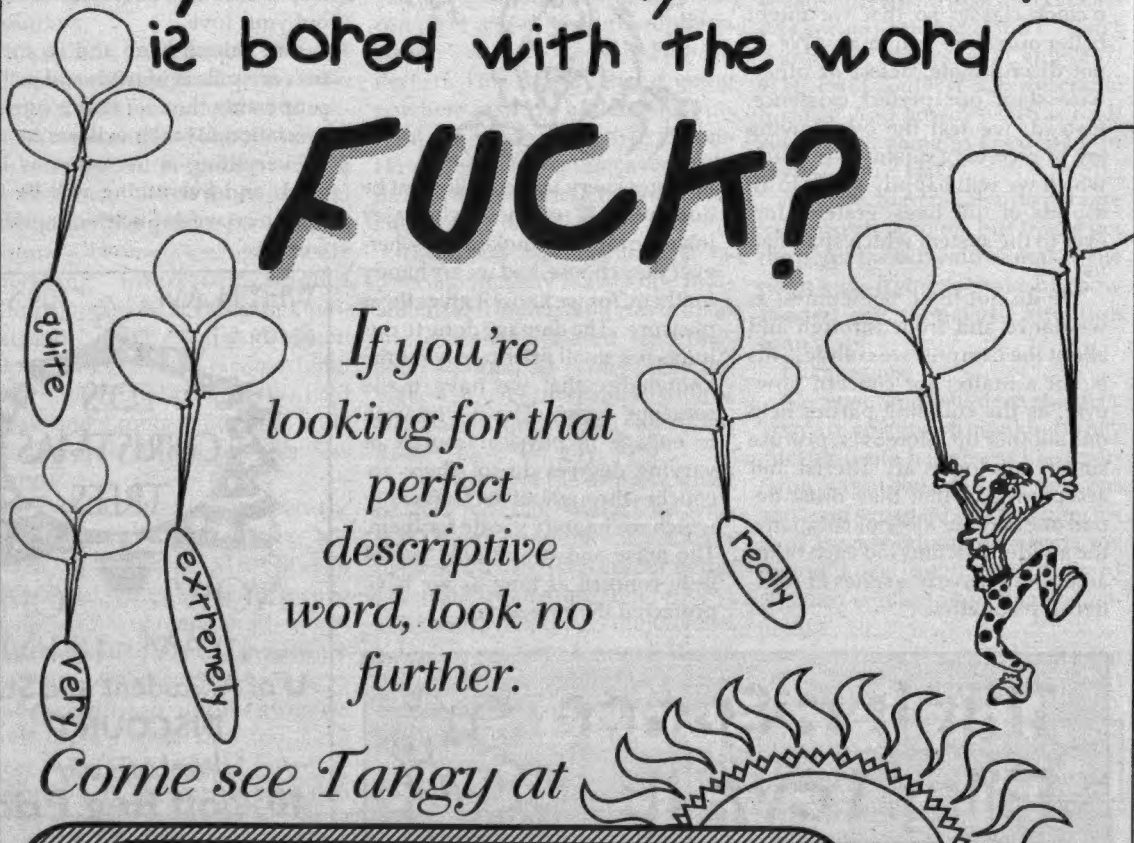
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HEY!!

Your SU Exec Speaks

Vermin Hasham

on absolutely nothing

Well, finally it's my turn to spew forth some crap. I don't know anything about my portfolio, so I decided I could write about Myself and more stupid things. Everyone keeps telling me different things, and since I want to maybe (okay, of course I am) run for President, I listen to everyone's helpful suggestions!!!! I thought I'd talk about my school experience, at least the one I remember best—Kindergarten. It was also my best year ever. I wish every year was like kindergarten. We played all day, no worries, no problems, no papers to read with lots of important words on them, no committees, no

hard stuff like my job it really is hard, you know. Or maybe you don't know—I have a lot of things to do!!!!

There was a guy who wrote a book about Kindergarten. I don't remember what his name was or what the book was called (I only read the back cover) but he said something smart. Even though anyone could have thought of that and it's not really true... Lots of important things happen past the age of five...

Or maybe I don't even know what I'm talking about. Maybe I made up this because it was my turn and the only essays I've ever

written include a lot of and !!!

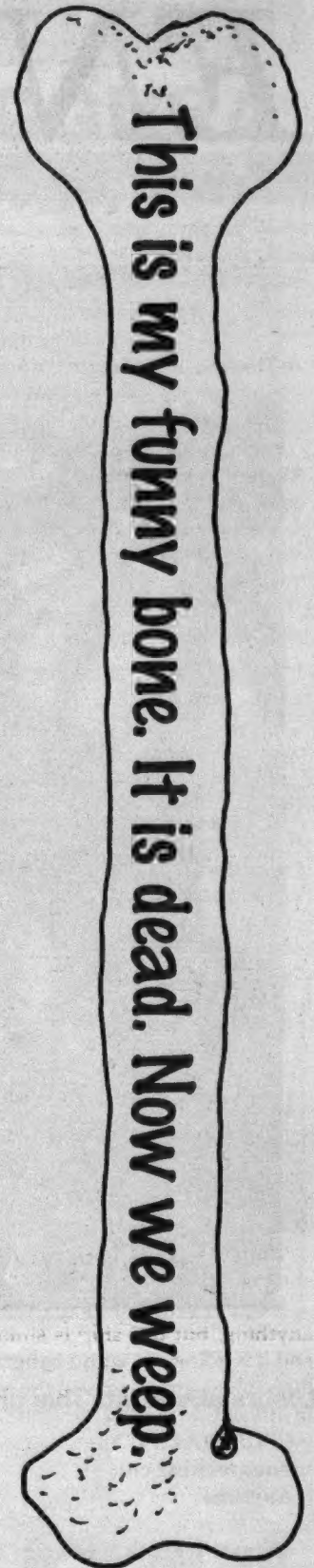
So back to Kindergarten. We had lots of school spirit then. Everyone wore Springfield elementary teeshirts—but I guess that was because their parents dressed them, wasn't it?

So one day this week you should come to school with your face painted and dress up and act all crazy all day long. Its called the Beer Farts. Everyone should have lots of school spirit. A good way to start on this would be by cashing in your SpU coupon for a free chunk of hash. Then you can stare into space like me. No one seems to know these are available, so I'd



like to promote them incessantly and bother you about them 'till you come to collect your hash. What was I talking about...? Everyone should have lots of school spirit. Oh, I said that already... You can find the coupon on page 1973456 of your SpU handbook. Klutch K. Kawasaki, another SpU guy, has collected more than me, so I need some more token' up.

It's all part of growing up; something I'd like to do one day.



The other day I was sitting around at my place, and as usual, I began to think. Not thought of the meager and pitiful kind like the general pubic experiences, but thought as only I can think it. Within my mind, things occur that you cannot understand, so I write them down. Then you pitiful less-than-perfects can absorb it at your own slow-ass rate. Now, I know that you have been waiting since my last article, barely able to control your bladder because of the excitement my writing entices. But before I enlighten you with my words (which are the best words) you will have to give me sympathy, for I ask it and you will obey.

You know, my dear huge readership, some people just have no clue. They can't tell their head from their asshole, so to speak. There have been many times when I have wondered about these clueless people; where do they come from, why were they not shot at birth? Aside from being annoyed by these people, which is bad enough, often they fail to tell me how wonderful I am. And I am, you know, I really am. The things I have to say are incredibly, unbelievably, inconceivably important. I know you agree, but there are a few ignorant slob who do not appreciate my genius. My comments are similar to words from a divine orifice, they exude a certain air. If you can't fathom them, or if you don't like them, you blow. Only my wor-

I want your job, baby!!!

THE Getaway Writer

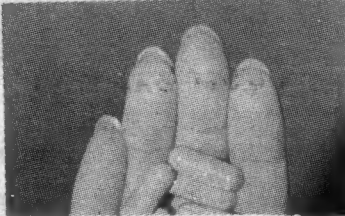
shippers are important to me. I know you will wither and die without my favour, so I damn you.

If you can't figure this out, you must be one of the ignorant shit-heads who just don't get it. Rules exist to keep cattle like you in line. I can do just about any damn thing that tickles my fancy. This means that your deadlines are about as important to me as the toejam on your toast. If I write something at 3am on a Wednesday, it had better damn well be in the Thursday pa-

per. In case you haven't figured out who you are, you unappreciative snots, here it is. You are the scum that messes with my articles

and changes my perfect words. You are the hairless apes that refuse to publish everything I write...as if you have any right to. You are the

screen hugging pukes who give advertisements space that shortens my column. I do not know how you weaseled your way into a position of power over someone like me who is so much better than you, but your petty sentence massacre will not continue. I am going to become like you, an example of how low carbon based life can sink, a Getaway editor. And then it shall be I who snips and cuts, I that laughs at your grammer mistakes, I who will reign supreme. (As if I don't already.)



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Candy Clodwell

Losers abundant. This photo actually has nothing to do with this article but what do you care? No, really. Huh?

CLUB MALIPU
Your fucking city
Anytime

review by Brock Steele

Welcome to the fucking first article of the new fucking *Getaway* section, "Bars, Babes and Beers!!" I know you don't read anything else besides the TLFs and the comics anyway!! Fuckers. But, like this is like a new section!! Fucking Ayy! So, like the first bar that we like, reviewed, was the bar of bars, the king of clubs, the ultimate scene!! Club Malipu!! Party Hardy!!!

It was saturday night, and the scene to be at was the Southside Club Malipu! There was a lot of people of there!! Total crowd-ing!! Totally cool people!! This one babe in

this tight halter top! That top might have been loose on some of those root cellar chest girls, but this babe had the neccessary "qualifications"!! Man, you could have made one tasty peanut butter and hooter sandwich with her!

The music was loud!! But they played all the right songs. Mr. Vain! Salsa! Move it! Achy Breaky! Fuck, it totally rocked!!! I like was the king of the floor!! I am such a fucking amazing rocker! All those sweet honeys bumping and grinding!! They played this song "Loser" right? Well, like that song should be "you're a loser baby, so why I don't I kill you!" Fucker, what the fuck is he writing bout anyway, "I'm a loser!!" No fucking way am I a loser! There were some losers all jumping around and shit, but we

just fucking laughed at them!! They were so cool. NOT! Then they played that song "Boys and Girls"!! Fuck I hate that song!! It's like all about these boys and girls and they are like gay!! Fuck, we should just kill em all and send them to their little fucking gay hell!! They're all gonna burn, fuckers!!

Okay, there was this one time when like these two chicks were giving each other tongue in the corner, and it was like wicked!! The booze was hard and so was I!! They were all lesbo, feeling each other up and stuff, but I know they wouldn't be gay if they could of had me!! The worst thing is that there was this gay guy, I know he had to be fucking queer because he had an earring in each ear!! He was like all looking at me right, because gay guys just love getting us normal ones!!

Fuck, if he had touched me I would have killed him!!

Then there was like this ugly fat chick who was all drunk and shit, man she was a total pig, Ugg!! She came up too me all drunk and was trying to like do me right there on the table, but I told her to take off!! Go eat another fucking ham sandwich, eh!! So, that was like fucking embarrassing cuz all the other fucking guys were fucking laughing at me, right!! They fucking weren't laughing anyfuckingmore when I fucking bootfucked them in the head!! Kicked them in their fucking squash shaped heads! Fuckers!!

Club Malipu good!! Queers bad!! I'M FUCKING AWESOME! Next week a new bar called Options!!



Candy Clodwell

Drunk losers run rampant throughout RATT—whose name could be changed to KAATT if the Kappa Alba takeover is successful. Karaoke fun.

Karaoke means Losers

At RATT
December 12
featuring *Getaway* staff



review by SFass

Yeah, everybody got drunk as usual for the weekly demeano-fest at our local waterin' hole. We *Getaway* folk prefer to control the whole show since we so high on the horse so it wuz good that no frat boyz wuz there.

sound like you just got out of junior high. We love ya.

Baron did his usual Devo MegaMix, an incomparable display of singing... what the fuck? Dinko! Stop typing shit in when I'm not looking! Sweet Christ.

Anyway, even SF graced us with his meta-static tumour of a voice when he bared all for his Guns'n'Roses parody, at least we think it was a parody, at least we think it was Guns'n'Roses, we're not really sure.

Everybody jumped for joy when former editors' o' plenty showed up en masse to take off their shirts and remove their pride. (Good cliché, eh? yeah, I cool—verb bad). What wuz I talkin about? Us. We. Fully. Com-

Ka-ra-o-key. Okey-dokey, smokey. Me pokey. Good jokey.

Pee started off everthing and got us all going with his hot sparks and fireworks Bon Jovi muthafucka. It's important to be good and drunk for something like this, and I mean the audience. Way to go Pee, you

pletely. Ka-ra-o-key. Okey-dokey, smokey. Me pokey. Good jokey. Me go now.

Back to the world. Some wank name uh Weedkiller or somethin was rocking like a hot potato.

S T U F F



TYPICAL GIG PHOTO. BE STILL MY BEATING HEART.

A photo volunteer who now hates me

SICK PUPPY, OH YEAH

SOUNDS OF LOVE

Hwanger Klanger and Ann Onymous
independent

review by Phallux Hwanger Klanger

This tape I made of me and my girlfriend fucking sucks (not literally. Well sort of). Probably because we're not very good at it. It's independent because I haven't found a distributor yet, but if you want a copy just contact me.

The problem with this tape is that you can't tell what positions we're in or what the hell's going on. There isn't a whole lot of moaning to inspire your imagination either except when she kneed me between the legs by accident (I think). And if you get any copies with me apologizing for anything, beware that these are forged copies and have no value whatsoever! You might also

get a copy with some Culture Club on it also, these too are bootleg forgeries.

The first track, 'Foreplay', has a misleading title. There isn't really any romantic preludes or warm-ups here, just me bitching about putting on the condom and finding 'Preparation H' instead of lubricant. The second track involves me trying to convince my girlfriend to do something. If you imagine the sounds as spankings and not as open-handed slaps, it can actually sound quite erotic! The last track, 'Broken Rubber', is the most pathetic, yet heart-stopping one of them all.

This tape's so boring you can't even tell where the climax is (yes, there really is one dammit!). But don't worry because it's only 15 minutes long.

Oh wait, I don't even have a girlfriend...

The Barfv

YOU KNOW IT'S CRAP

katrina and the waves • platinum blonde • chocolate enema • my ass • three retards • four retards • the pretentious • top-forty ass-lickers • the bear morning line-up • keep it up, papa! • these are band names, get it? • oliver's big mistake • sell-out fever • empty dance floor • frat house • appeal to the teens • the bee gees • the gee bees • the bees • SWARM! • bees-cee-clette • bee joke limit exceeded, captain • thanks, spock • mmmm... red dog beer! • what's with the fucking slide show? • bring back chuck chandler • comedy lull • devo

WHAT YOU WON'T HEAR

"Hey, let's come here again!"

TEBLEIKKARAGGURA

Aieeeeeeee! Fucking logs, man.

TWO GUYS BANGING STICKS TOGETHER

with Tebleikkaraggura Mbusu and Friends

Moyer Auschwitz Theatre
sometime last week



review by Baron Dinko

Man, I love World music. I think I love it even more than I used to like U2 before they got popular and sold out. I was into U2

Jerrubliikkna Grnu. I had to agree with her, mostly because I had no fucking idea what she was talking about. My favourite part of the show came when Tebleikkaraggura came to the front of the stage and told an African legend about how the Sun and the Moon got married and gave birth to the Earth. Those darn Negroes...they're wacky!

After a short break during which I had sex and dope (in that order), Two Guys Banging Sticks Together took the stage. At first I didn't know where they took it, but then my girlfriend pointed out that I had my eyes closed. I wondered where the lights went!

Two Guys Banging Sticks Together were

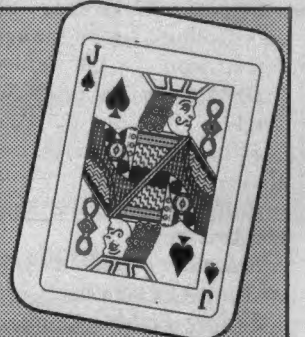
short break...sex and dope

before any of you little Powa'92-listening posers even knew where the hell Dublin was. Fuck. Where was I?

Oh, right. The concert. Tebleikkaraggura Mbusu opened the show with a lot of crazy jumping and screaming and stuff, while his legion of Friends made farting noises with their armpits. My girlfriend said Tebleikkaraggura's performance reminded her of the famous "Burngu" style of the late

everything the name suggests. They were guys, and they banged sticks together. I'm not just talking sticks...I'm talking STICKS. Fucking logs, man. Whole trees! AIEEEE! Oh, wait... okay, they were just sticks. It sounded pretty good at the time but I can't be sure now. (Where are my feet? Ah, there they are!) I was going to buy a CD, but two other people bought them, so I guess they've sold out. Bastards... Can I go to sleep now?

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S P O O B I E S

WHOLE LOTTA ONE LINERS

It's the movie review that keeps on giving

by Kibbles Weedkiller

Henry V—once more to the breach dear friends, once more and fill up their walls with Hollywood crap

Diggstown—better boxing movie than Rocky

Clear and Present Danger—no one gets beat up by drug lords better than Harrison Ford

Patriot Games—movie about Irish people miffed about not being allowed on stage

Hunt for Red October—007 steals Russian sub, retains Scottish accent

The Good the Bad and the Ugly—a gritty western about a laconic gunfighter with a mysterious past

Princess Bride—"hello, my name is Inigo Montoya, prepare to hear this phrase thru the rest of the movie"

Rising Sun—American cop nationalism and why Japanese are bad

Forrest Gump—American nationalism and why being stupid is good

Highway 61—Canajun boy drives to Cajun country chased by the devil. Right.

Dances with Wolves—liberal guilt recreates Kipling's "noble savage" as a politically correct icon

Unforgiven—no cowboy ever shaves, am I right?

Silverado—cowboys aren't supposed to shave, am I right?

Buffy the Vampire Slayer—90210 with bloodsuckin

Schindler's List—it's in black and white so it must be serious

Killing Fields—Cambodian Schindler's List but at least it's not in black and white

Gods must be Crazy—must've been to make this tripe

Silence of the Lambs—best seen with a nice bottle of Chianti

Remains of the Day—Hannibal goes soft

Ghostbusters—true classic

African Queen—true classic

Raging Bull—coulda been a good movie

Natural Born Killers—I sure hope the bald guy in the front row with the duffle bag who is quoting the show understands metaphor and irony

Bob Roberts—should've been called Ezra Levant

Robin Hood—Costner's oscillating accent

and talent=crap

Field of Dreams—bad film for all you corn lovers

After Hours—one reason I'm not going to New York

Warriors—another reason

Ferris

Bueller's Day

Off—the one

high school

movie in a

million that

works

Gandhi—

big, impor-

tant movie;

easy on the

catering bud-

get

Tango and

Cash—an-

other reason

why Kurt

Russell sucks

Back to the

Future—

mostly harm-

less

Addams

Family—

whole lotta

one liners

Sleepless

in Seattle—

tribute to the

fine art of

date movies

Orlando—

woman becomes a man and discovers being a woman is better

Crying Game—man plays a woman but is really an alien

Victor Victoria—woman plays a man playing a woman

Mrs. Doubtfire—give up the premise already

StarGate—historical milestone, first film made without talent; re: Kurt Russell

Untouchables—3 musketeers take on Chicago, 007 retains Scottish accent

Blade Runner—no one gets beat up by androids better than Harrison Ford

Raiders of the Lost Ark—no one get beat

up by Nazis better than HF

What's Love got to do with it—why wife beating is bad

Sleeping with the Enemy—why Julia Roberts is bad

Army of Darkness—groovy



II—Spock dies

III—Spock lives

IV—Spock saves whales

V—Spock finds God

VI—Spock has his apartment decorated

VII (Generations)—if no Spock, me no go

Outrageous Fortune—once Shelley Long gets a taste of moviedom, she loses all sense of how to make money

Beaches—must be some chick thing

Always—must I repeat myself

Stella—do all these movies have Bette Midler in them or is it just me?

Kindergarten Cop—no, it's not a tumour, but deadly

Cujo—dog possessed by the devil

Amityville Horror—house possessed by the devil

Friday the 13th—asshole possessed by the devil, same for sequels

Christine—car possessed by the devil (do I sense a recurring theme with this Stephen King shit)

The Shining—Jack Nicholson's an evil bastard possessed by the devil (what? more King shit!)

Witches of Eastwick—Nicholson is just your average horny little devil

Wolf—Nicholson's another evil bastard

Batman—Nicholson's another evil bastard

Prizzi's Honour—must be an evil bastard to kill Kathleen Turner

Casualties of War—fallout from the Madonna—Sean Penn divorce

Shanghai Surprise—it was released...surprise!

Top Gun—you're a good pilot, you're too good, you're dangerous

Cocktail—you're a good bartender, you're too good, you're dangerous

Far and Away—you're a good farmer, you're too good, you're dangerous

Days of Thunder—you're a good race car driver, you're too good, you're dangerous

Born on the Fourth of July—yawn, you're a good paraplegic, you're too good, you're dangerous

Interview with the Vampire—you're a good bloodsucker, you're too good, you're dangerous

The Firm—you're a good lawyer, you're too good, you're dangerous; so's this bit

A Few Good Men—few good actors, Nicholson another evil bastard

In the Line of Fire—gritty political thriller with Clint as laconic secret service agent

Sixteen Candles—insulting and full of racial and sexual stereotypes. I was outraged.

Neverending Story—didn't end till part two

Repo Man—car possessed by aliens

Highlander—007 as Egyptian serving Spanish count (with Scottish accent intact), training Belgian scot, wielding Japanese sword

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade—007 hijacks a Harrison Ford vehicle, while retaining Scottish accent

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SPUDS

Spuds Editors Abandon Manchuk & Pee KLMNOP. Satchel 492-5068

Fan sighted at field hockey

Added pressure too much for some varsity athletes

by Hymen Piss

The University of Alberta was shocked Monday when the news that a fan had attended a field hockey game made its way around campus. The subject of interest was fourth-year Computing Science student Norbert Macdonald.

The match was played on Lister field between the Silver Bears and the UABC Lightningbirds. It was interrupted approximately three quarters of the way through the game after Bears' coach Draw Muscle noticed the solitary Macdonald observing the game with interest.

Upon seeing the fan, Muscle promptly went into cardiac arrest and had to be rushed to University

Hospital. Due to cutbacks, however, the hospital was forced to turn Muscle away. She was last seen lying in the middle of 114th street.

Muscle was not the only casualty of this momentous day. After play resumed, both sides looked very sloppy and made silly mistakes, apparently from the pressure of being spectated.

One Thunderbird player simply began crying and repeatedly shrieked, "the pressure! I can't take it anymore!" That young lady is currently recovering in Alberta Hospital at Ponoka and doctors say she may be confined to straight jackets and mental institutions for several months.

When asked how he felt about being a factor in these incidents, Macdonald said, "hey, shit

happens!"

Another casualty was Kelly Bitch of the Golden Bears. While screaming in to the Thunderbird goal on a breakaway, she suddenly stopped and fell to the turf in fetal position. As players approached to comfort her, she suddenly began experiencing violent seizures. She reportedly whispered, "mom, mom, mom, mom, mom..." over and over again. Due to cutbacks to health care, however, she has been forced to recover in

RATT with loud music and a good view as a cure.

The final score was 200-3 for the Thunderbirds. When asked to comment on the team's play, Carly Sementown

U of A fan attends Field Hockey Game

Fantasyland Field End of Eternity 1:30pm

said, "Aw, fuck off! Why the fuck should I talk to you *Getaway* pukes. Our coach is probably dead, one of our teammates has been turned into mental mush and on top of all that, we got the shit kicked out of us! So FUCK YOU, PUSBAG!"

The visiting team had much the same to say, the coach explained, "Fuck off. We won 200-3 and your coach is dead. End of story shithead."

The story of this game, is not how badly the home team lost, or how easily the visiting team won, but that the game was seen by a fan. When asked why he showed up at the game, Macdonald explained, "well basically I was just spending the whole day working on my final computer project when I ran into a problem with the logical module in



Nike LaDerrière

This guy obviously wasn't hip to what Stompin' Tom was talking about.

my OS/2 loop program. I mean that port is supposed to have a double fail-safe switch-over mechanism which should shut down the megabyte chip in the delta sector of the central processing unit. I couldn't figure out what the fuck was wrong with the piece of shit. So, I just decided to mosey on across the campus to take a break when I found myself at Lister looking at a bunch of cute girls in short skirts running around chasing a ball. It was incredible, I was so excited. I never knew sport was so exhilarating! Field hockey is so incredibly amazing!"

When asked if he would attend any more games, Macdonald said

he was looking into season ticket packages from the Athletics department.

The rest of campus was not as enthusiastic as Macdonald. A typical response from the student

"We have a field hockey team?"

—Student Body

body when asked if they would be attending field hockey was, "we have a field hockey team? How the hell do they skate in the summer?" Members of the field hockey team were, however, optimistic that their team would garner more support from the campus.

That may be hard. When asked if the department would be taking any special measures to assist the team, the director of Athletics department, Peein' Seed, replied, "we have a field hockey team??? What the fuck? Get outta here, I gotta get onto this!"

Apparently, the field hockey's team lack of support went higher than most people could have ever predicted. So come on, campus. Those girls need our support. Get out there and cheer them on!

Look, I have to cover the fuckin' team, so if I go then the 30 000 students on this campus should go! Got it? So I wanna see every one of you at Lister for the next match!

Basketball Bears lose hair

by Sung Flu

Okay you're at a Bears basketball game. GUBA's dancin' up a frenzy, the Bear Farts are makin' music and our guys come on to frenzied fanfare. You'll see all the familiar faces: Marty Markill, Murray Stoopidham, Greg Duh? Vries, Gerg Wolverine and Tally Swisscheese. But you think to yourself, 'Something is different about these guys this year.' And then it hits you. They've all lost their hair!

"They're just fulfilling a contract with Satan," said coach Don Whorewoody. "In exchange for their hair The Evil One promised that we would win last year's national championship. He delivered, so we brought out the scissors."

If you remember back to last year just after the won the national championships, two of the players—Scott Harem and Clay Pot—shaved Whorewoody's head.

"They were just Satan's minions," said Whorewoody. "Actually we had to kill the real Harem and Pot because they would not consent to being possessed. Then we just

replaced them with fakes."

"The whole team knew about it," said captain Marty Markill. "We wanted to win nationals so bad that well, you could say they were our sacrifices."

"If you think about it, losing your hair is nothing compared to winning nationals," said a shaved Greg Duh? Vries.

"We actually had two options," said point guard Gerg Wolverine. "We could give up our hair or give Satan our first child. My hair was pretty sad anyway so I thought 'Well, hey, why not?'"

In an earlier interview Marty Markill revealed to the *Getaway* that he had a tattoo on his chest.

"It's actually a third nipple," admitted Markill. "I didn't want to lose my hair so I opted to marry one of Satan's minions. My girlfriend is actually a succumbus and she sucks out my soul a little bit at a time through my third nipple."

Although Whorewoody would not reveal specific details as to what his own obligations were he did say, "It has something to do with the Pandas basketball team."

Delving deeper into this shocking issue, it was discovered that over half of the Bears' basketball budget was spent on buying and raising cats: black cats to be exact.

"Yes we do sacrifice the critters before each game," admitted Whorewoody. "Sometimes I get to cut its heart out or Murray Stoopidham just crushes the life out of it. Usually we just drink its blood before the game. It pleases the guy downstairs."

The Bears next game is in the Wesmen Classic. It's a tournament like the GBI except it's hosted by the Wesmen.

"For this tournament we bought a whole sheep," said Whorewoody. "It's gonna be a tough one so we need all we can get."

The Bear's contract with Satan expires in the new year. Talks are under way to renew the contract.

"I thought that it would be really nice to 'win' another championship," said Whorewoody. "Negotiations are now underway to trade our souls [for another championship]. We'll just have to see how it goes."



Bad Knee Pretzel

Hey, why not try transplanting some butt hair? What!?



Spudents' Union

PAGE

Have a happy
fuckin' Holiday
Season and a great
pre-election cam-
paigning season!

From your
Spudents' Union
exec. You Losers.



Spot GUBA! If this is you and you have a GUBA on your ass you may be eligible for a crappy SpU page prize. Then again, if you have your sanity, you'll likely be too embarrassed to claim the said prize, because appearing in public fully nude...well, what the hell were you thinkin'?

This year, instead of giving those
crappy coupons which no one looked at,
we decided you can come for a toke
with us. Redeem your hash coupon at
the SpU offices for a boring time with
us. (Even drugs don't help.) So far,
we've been able to smoke up this many
times:

Cuzzanne Plotte	0
Klutch K Kawasaki	29
Vermin Hasham	13
Ferret Post-it	1
other guy	huh?

Up my ass...

- **Committee Meeting (surprise, surprise):** Effective discus-
sion. Well, as effective as my ass.
- **Another Committee Meeting:** More useless discussion. In
lieu of real action.
- **Committee central Meeting:** Probably completely disorgan-
ized. No one else will show up anyway, don't worry
about it.
- **Completely crap:** C'est tout.

* These meetings may be attended by any member of the Spudents'
Union. But the real stuff will be discussed "in camera."

Got nuthin to do for the entire holiday season? Why dontcha come
volunteer for the SpU? We love a bunch of losers. Especially if you're a
Kappa Alba. Cum on down.

LARGE STUDENTS NEEDED

For more inane crap.



Smoke up with
you Cuzzanne?
Anytime, baby.



QUESTION: WHY DOES
IT TAKE ME 10 YEARS
TO GRADUATE FROM A
SIMPLE B.A.
ANSWER: MAYBE YOU'VE
BEEN WASTING YOUR
TIME BEING A CRAP-
ASS JERK. JUST A
THOUGHT.



Traci Dayvid—The fifth Beatle?

by Wally Upchuk

Many unusual events and sightings have occurred throughout the years. Elvis sightings, Hitler sightings, ghosts, the Presley/Jackson marriage, hockey players playing in the NHL, Ralph Klein and so on and so on, but you get the point.

But have you heard of the fifth Beatle? Well, if you've been living with the wolves and haven't heard, let's fill you in.

There is a fifth Beatle and we here in the Sports department of the *Getaway* have reason to believe that the fifth Beatle is lurking among inhabitants of our University of Alberta.

More specifically, the fifth Beatle dwells within the Athletics department not as a student but as a staff member. "I once saw a letter addressed to a Paul on her desk. Yes I did. I did. Yes," mentioned an anonymous but nonetheless hammered Athletics source.

There is still more damning evidence that this Athletics' staff member is the fifth Beatle. A recent investigative effort by the Sports department that involved bugging of her office, her car (so what if we accidentally placed a bomb in her car instead of a bug, we meant well),



Nike LaDerrière

Dayvid is seen here "shovelling snow." Yeah, right. A likely story.

paying fellow staff members who are close to her for information, snooping in her office after hours (sorry about breaking the window,

we didn't know the door was open), and the glamorous duty of digging through her garbage (wouldn't you know it, it wasn't her garbage). At

any rate we now possess substantial evidence that U of A Pandas' soccer coach Traci "Clarence" Dayvid is the fifth Beatle.

Recent phone taps have given us this short conversation between coach Dayvid and a contact of hers named Ringo. The dialogue went like this:

Dayvid: Hello!

Ringo: It's Ringo. Got any goods for us?

Dayvid: Yeah, I got some pieces for you.

Ringo: Great, I'll send someone by to pick them up.

*Note: Certain words and phrases were edited from this 15 minute long conversation due to the fact they completely defeated our argument.

We believe the "goods" and "pieces" are new songs that Dayvid has written for the Beatles.

"That was just amateur soccer coach Colin Ringo," said "Clarence."

We think not.

Bandmember John Lennon repeatedly denied ever meeting Dayvid and said he never sent her the box of plums, found in 1979.

"Who are you people?" asked Paul McCartney. Exactly.

I mean, come on, look at the hair cut, it fits the Beatles' pattern.

But if you think you know better and have evidence to prove it, don't believe us.

Who the hell is this? Is this about a game or somethin'?

by Abandon Manchuk

Where am I?

So there was a game on the weekend and I went to it. I really did. It was between one team and another team.

One of the teams won by a score.

"I thought we played a good game," said someone. "We were pretty strong in the first quarter/period/half/inning, but we seemed to lose it later on. Then we picked it up at the end."

"We just have to learn from this one and take it from there," said someone else.

The game started and ended. Numerous whistles were blown in between. The team was hot. The other was cold. Much like a McDLT.

"We just have to take it one game at a time," said the team's head coach. "As long as we have a good attitude and stay healthy, we should be in a great position for the playoffs."

The playoffs haven't begun.

"This game was like a playoff game," said the team's forward/goalie/linebacker/cook. "It was a

lot like the playoffs. The game bore a certain similarity to a playoff match."

The game is the team's best/worst effort so far. The coach hopes the team can improve on/maintain this record.

"We had a good effort here. We just have to build on that."

The team's work ethic has been a subject of debate.

"We work hard," said a team member.

"We don't work very hard," said another.

"I have to go to work," said yet another.

The team's next game is in the future.

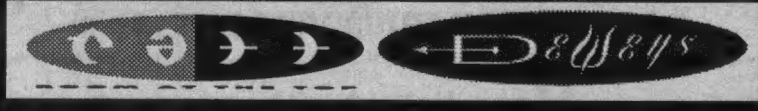
"I hope we win that one," said Jimmy.

Playing sports is reportedly "fun." Many players play for this reason.

"Is this going to be in the *Getaway*?" asked someone.

deweys and ratt will be open throughout the season, so that we might all rejoice in a manner that befits a large group of people suddenly freed from the stress and weirdness that is exams and papers. join us as we kick back and relax with a few friendly kegs, a few jagers, and maybe a case or two of mistletoe...

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the staff



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Football team throws pass

by Pee KLMNOP. Satchel Incoming!

Call the neighbours, wake the kids! The University of Alberta football team has done the impossible!

Bears one-and-a-quarterback Shone Zeke-Griwkowsky has thrown a pass.

The pass was thrown by Zeke-Griwkowsky late in the fifth quarter of their game against the Dallas Cowboys. The Bears won that match 87-4.

Zeke-Griwkowsky said he didn't know what the hell he was thinking.

"I don't know what the hell I was thinking!" said Zeke-Griwkowsky.

"Did he even know what the hell he was thinking?" asked Kay Hamilton, Bears ruining back. "The coach said at the beginning of the year: 'Choose kelp smurfy on leap weather card tapes in wood unzip leaf Kraken run moot unseen to let it own slop.' I don't know what that means, but he said 'run' in there somewhere. That means no pass."

Huh?

"I saw Speed 28 times," said



Nike LaDerrière

QB Zeke-Griwkowsky demonstrates what not to do.

Kenneth Algajajeejer, Bears linebucker. "It's a great movie."

"I saw Speed too," said Darty Inthepark, Bears eighthback.

"I don't see what all the fuss is about," said Zeke-Griwkowsky. "I signalled before I passed."

The BMW Zeke-Griwkowsky

passed had license plate number SUK 069. It was red. The pass was completed to receiver Manwell Duh?Soosa, who used to work at The Real Canadian Superstore.

"Yeah, I was just on the sidelines havin' a smoke," said Duh?Soosa. "Then this pass came out of

nowhere. My first instinct was to panic. Then I got ahold of myself and went into a soliliquay. I don't know where the pass went but it was the most fun I've ever had."

The pass marks the first of the year for the team and Zeke-Griwkowsky. Pass is spelled P-A-S-S.

"I've seen better passes at Barry T's," said Kruge, Klingon starship captain. "What most people don't realize is that 'ass' is 75 per cent of 'pass.' I think most people know what that means."

Most people said they didn't. "We don't know what that means," said most people.

"Alert klop is never rude lot in forsnot new. THAT'S CRAP!" said Mom Wilkeenson, Bears head coach. "Great cocoa paper chomp wall on green blew cookie pulp for the clip wire in shirt blonde telephone. Crest toothpaste tastes good."

"I'm gonna run to you," said Bryan Adams, a Canadian singer.

U of A president Rod Brassiere could not be reached for comment.

Yes, again

by Pee KLMNOP. Satchel Well, it's happened again.

For the second time this year, the captain of the University of Alberta hockey team has been suspended. Bears head coach Percy Chippendale suspended the captain, Mars Kouch, last Thursday, just before practice.

"His undisciplined conduct off the ice was unacceptable," said Chippendale. "It was outright insubordination."

"All I did was ask for another roll of hockey tape," claimed Kouch.

Kouch went on to say that the tape currently on his stick was "old" and "worn out." He presumed that "more" should be provided for him.

"That kind of attitude has no place on our team," said Chippendale. "He's demanding hockey tape like it was \$2 a roll or something."

Kouch's "tape habit" has been developing throughout the year. He reportedly used "half" a roll once to tape up his "stick" and believes he should have the option of white or black tape. Kouch also has been known to crumple used tape into a "ball" and throw it into a garbage can. "Yeah, so?" said Kouch.

The rest of the team expressed little surprise at the move.

"You could see it coming," said Mike Jingling, Bears forward. "He was always asking for extra stuff. I remember once he broke his stick on a slapshot and then came to the bench and demanded another. We all bowed our heads. What could the coach do? He had to bench him for the rest of that game."

"He [Kouch] is nuts," said Snott Copperside, Bears goalie. "He thinks he deserves special treatment—stuff like showers, clean uniforms, air. Well, I'm sorry Mr. Gretzky, but you're not working for Bruce McNall anymore."

Kouch succeeded Barty Pierce, after Pierce was "suspended" for killing six players with a chainsaw. Pierce has since been reinstated.

"It's great...I mean, too bad," said Pierce. "Yeah, it'll be a tough call for the coach to pick a new guy. I mean there just aren't many with the proper experience. Like, it would have to be someone who's record speaks for itself. Not a model player, but someone whose made some mistakes and has done his time. There's only one or two guys like that. Well, just one."

Some team members are confused.

"What the fuck?" said Praul Stand, Bears forward.

Did the wrestling team shoot JFK?

by Wally Upchuk

This Christmas season our own University of Alberta wrestling team is going to take some Canadian season greetings to the snow-less state of Arizona (lucky bastards).

But don't be mistaken, the Alberta wrestlers will go down there looking to win some matches and gain some experience. "We're going to go down there and we're going to go to war. We don't expect to win every match but we'll try as hard as we can, gain some experience and maybe win some matches," stated wrestler Colby Bellringer.

Coach Vang Icantspellidis also added, "We don't see tremendous success but we do see tremendous improvement, and if we don't get that at least we got to go to Arizona while everybody else is freezing." (Lucky bastards).

They may be going down there to gain some experience, but in what? And are they really going to war?

Well, look closely at the acronym CIAU. Take out that inconvenient last vowel. Yes folks, it's true. The CIA is using the CIAU as a breeding ground for agents of all kinds—spies, assassins, special agents, cashiers, etc.

Furthermore, the wrestlers are the prize pupils of the CIA and the U of A wrestlers are the hottest CIA prospects. So they aren't going down to Arizona (lucky bastards) to wrestle, they aren't going down there to catch some rays, what they are going down there for is for special training at the CIA's secret training centre. This special training centre, rightfully named Fort Secret CIA Training Centre or FOSECTRACE for short (yeah,

whatever), is located in Prescott, Arizona.

We received knowledge of this in an interview with a top CIA official by the name of John Killiam.

But, first we tried to get information from Special Agent Steve Blowimup. We had to kidnap him, tie him up, drug him and slap him around, but he still didn't say anything. I guess we should have asked him questions before we beat the tar out of him. Then again, maybe not. Of course it wouldn't have mattered because Blowimup was deaf, oops.

After that we kidnapped Killiam and he happily volunteered information and handed us pamphlets on the operation. He informed us that "The CIA is now in the process of using CIAU athletes and coaches for international

espionage and what not."

Killiam also added "We plan to use the CIAU athletes for an internal takeover of Canada."

We all had a good laugh. Except for some reason Killiam wasn't laughing, oh well, can't be too important.

After a long and extremely boring conversation with Killiam he informed us of the duties of the U of A wrestling team.

"They will be responsible for the assassination of all political leaders and potential leaders in Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba along with the University of Lethbridge volleyball teams and the University of Calgary lawn bowling team," stated a very serious Killiam.

That's all well and good but let's get serious. The CIA will have to use the University of Saskatchewan football team as well.

Oh, Lord...

by Shine-on Raquet

"I was a woman," commented Ralf Kline Sunday morning in a surprise press conference. Ralf Kline went on to say, "I have only been a man for a few years now. I went through university as a woman." The premier of Alberta graduated from the U of A in 1959.

"Those were the days when I played volleyball with the University Pandas," said Ralf. "We kicked ass in '58." The University Pandas volleyball team ruled the conference with an undefeated 3-0 record. "Back then there weren't a lot of universities that had volleyball teams," disclosed Kline.

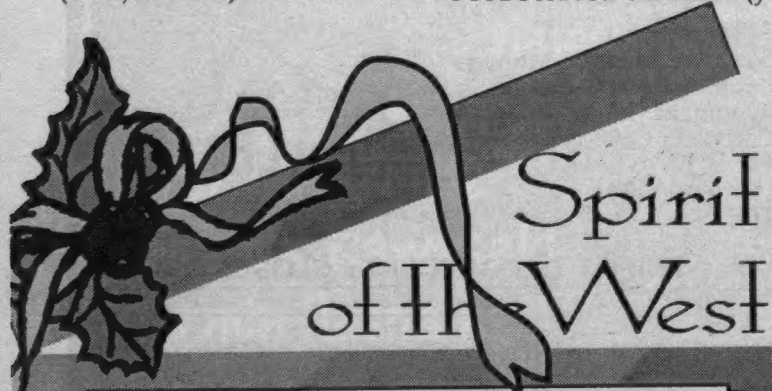
In 1959 Ralf Kline, who went by the name of "Mary-Beth" Kline, was not allowed to play for the Pandas.

"I had a bit of an eating problem, once I stopped sniffing glue, I had to find something to occupy my time, I turned to eating." After gaining 50 pounds Ralf "Mary-Beth" Kline did not meet the team's 300 lb weight limit.

"But before the weight thing I rocked the volleyball world," boasted Kline. "Being short and fat only helped me get to the ground quicker and dig those spikes."

When asked about his "glue habit" the premier muttered something about being "ugly and not liked by the other kids."

"My entire childhood was spent being groomed for the job of 'King of Alberta', no one liked me and I was good at doing nothing."



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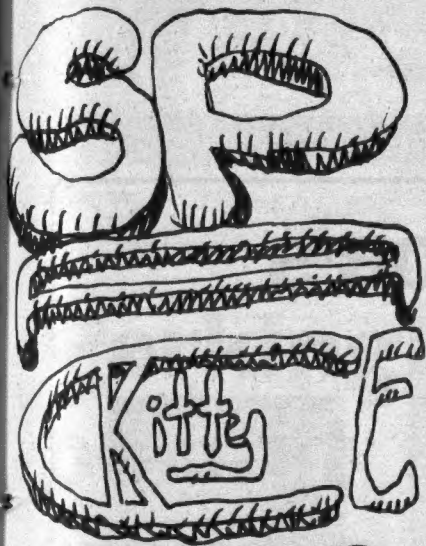
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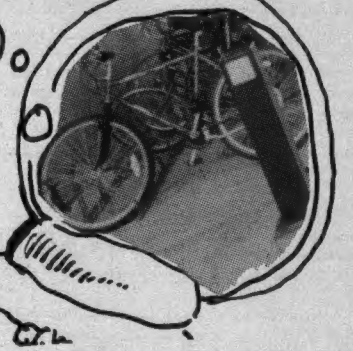
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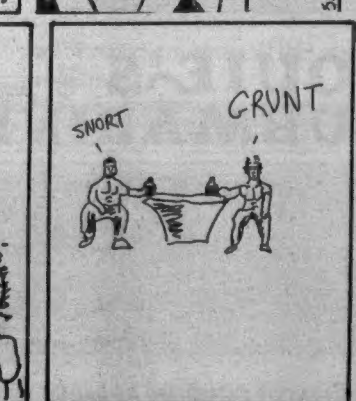
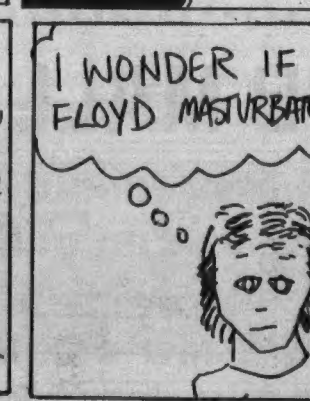
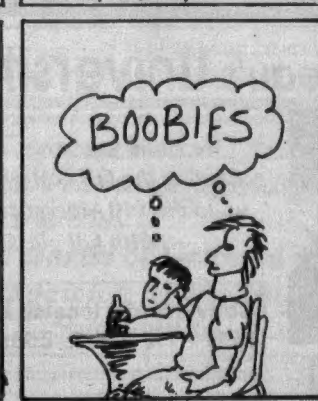
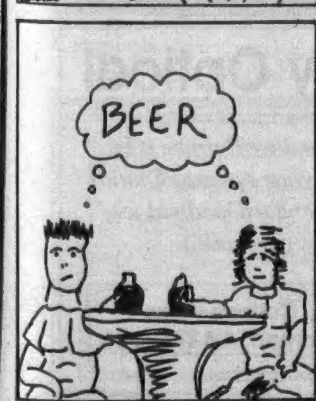
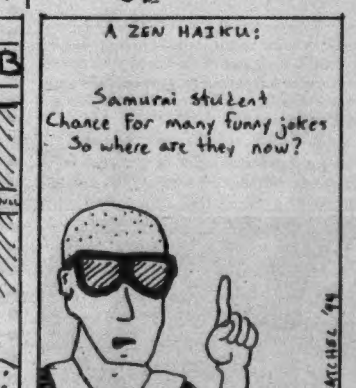
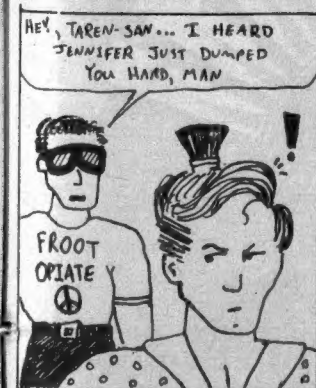
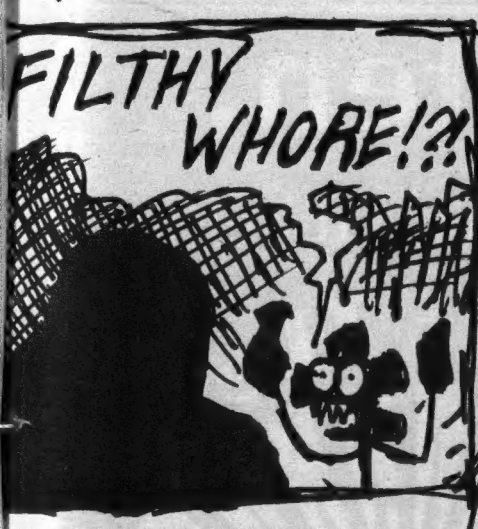
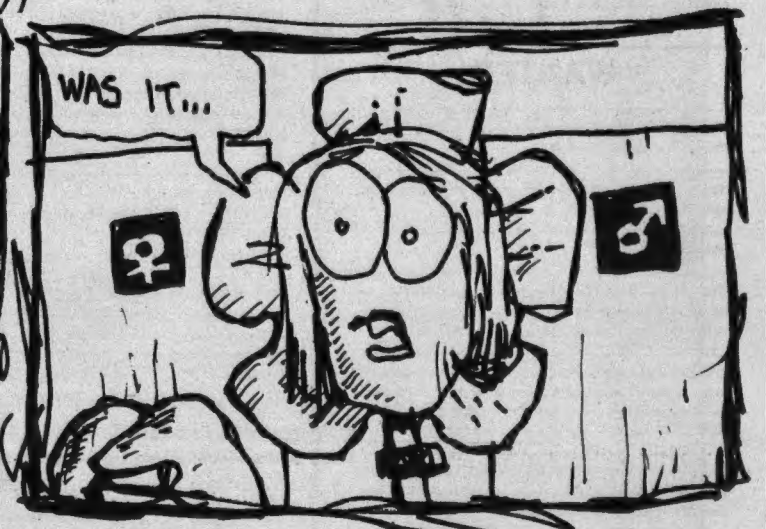
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Smiles Alexandra Scrunto—No section, no nuthin, but a whole lot of knowledge about India!

LOST

My virginity went missing somewhere on the Gateway photo couch. Please return promptly as I am getting married next week. 555-OOPS

My mind. Don't bother returning if found, I imagine it ain't worth keeping.

My left sock.

My recently reclaimed virginity, somewhere in SUB between the second and seventh floors. Answers to the name of too many Sex On The Beach. 5 minute reward for finding. Call Cherry.

FOUND

One severed human head in a jar of formaldehyde. Found by Grierson Hill. Call Jimmy "the Fish" Patoni if this repugnant fucked up piece of shit is yours. 555-Jay B

A slightly tarnished News editor. Available at discount rates for anyone female. Missing former stately hair. Call Guido Santino at the Caturday.

WANTED

Sanity, all wrapped up in sleep and simple answers to the nature of the universe.

Sharp, pointy, appliances, preferably German-speaking and sanitized.

Sleep.

The return of my immensely attractive and oh-so alluring high-ceiling reaching hair. Apply at Caturday office to distressed sweater-wearer. 555-HAIR

L'Express desires competent manager to actually do work without inserting fingers in all fresh food. Successful applicants will possess surly attitude. Apply in SUB.

Car with entry other than trunk. And, will it go more than 40km/h? Plus, does it use more than \$30 of gas per day? That's bad. Call Zak.

Earn as much money as you want/month, seasonal &/or full-time, within the exiting tourism industry. No experience necessary. For more information call 1-900-GOT-KY4U

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Contact your spiritual adviser in California for a presumptuous forecast that will leave you scrambling like Macbeth to avert and fulfill your destiny. Only \$10/minute

FREE MAKEOVERS—our students need the practice here at beauty school, so drop by for your free makeover. You roll the dice and take your chances though...

A whole lot of people who can type papers for you. But if you can't type by now, what the hell are you doing in University?

PERSONALS

Paralegic plane crash victim seeks similar companion. Signal one beep for yes, two for no.

If you want to be an enthusiastic-newcomer-keener fraternity member, sign up at the Kappa Alpha house. Always willing to accept new applicants, despite any apparent lack of social communication skills. Guaranteed SU job within weeks.

Worried about your exams? Well, who the hell isn't? You could get mental induction from Dr. Picknose, but what's the point?



figure it out...



Synthetic turkey spatula, now that we got all of a previously bored, gay-curious campus watching, why don'tcha eat me.—Some Whole boy

moop!

Hmmmm, the sweet smell of anal slop. Dust my crops you big Michelangelo of the ASS.

To all you fucking quiet people in my (CUNT) classes: I have Turrets, okay? Leave me the fuck alone.

Do you have a life? Well then why do you spend so much time writing (not to mention reading) TLFs??

Hey, just because I don't have the brains to be obnoxious in class like you, doesn't mean I don't have time to go to SUB and leave a note bitching about it for all of campus to see.—loser

Merry Xmas Jason F. All the best, love from Sasha. We love each other so goddamn much downstairs.

To John C—I want you, I want you, I want you.—Hot chick

Okay, it's just your friends playing a cruel trick on you. Go die of shame and humiliation now, John.

mirp!

Love Wugget: U R my loveydovey Pumpkin Pie snuggy woogy—luv snooky wookums

More sex and shit please, Caturday editors.

Hey ya fuckin' jerk-ass shit-head TLF editor: why the fuck didn't my crap-ass TLF get in? Doesn't your life revolve around me?

Hey, girl in my first year Psych class with

blonde hair, wearing white sweater Dec. 1, I want you! Reply in TLF.—Guy with brown hair and goatee

Pee—I love going to the bathroom.—Poo

Hey, my TLF was only 500 words long and didn't have my name or number—why didn't it go in last week?—Bitchin a lot

Hey you fuckin annoying guy in every class of mine—why don't ya not be so annoying anymore cuz we all think you're a big geek—applicable universally

GOOBER says "Shit. I suck."

Okay, maybe we suck.

Guy on bus #32 who sat on second from the back seat, and who had dinner at parents house Sunday nite, and has Tues. class at Fac at 11:30am, and changes with the lights on. Interested? Lets meet. Thurs. @4pm U of A Psych ward info desk.

To all you nerds like glass-wearing people: you rock the grade doorbell.

To someone from somebody—saw ya somewhere, would like to meet you somewhere.

Hey, I'm in love with myself—GOOBER

To the Paleish Tub—communism reigns!

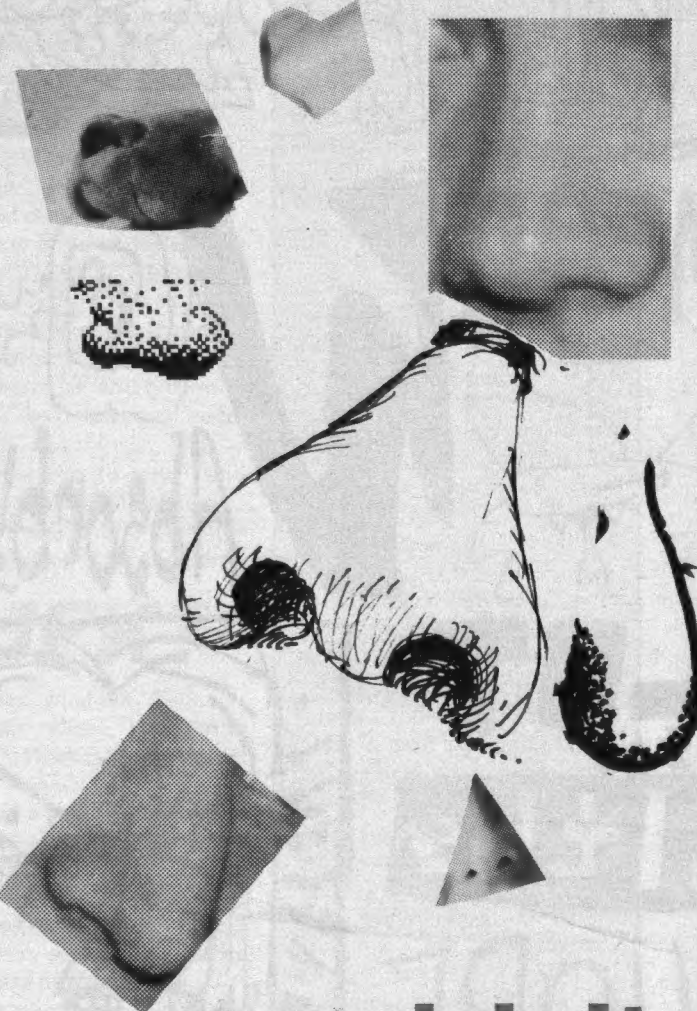
To that guy in the corner in English 431 who never says anything. FUCK-YOU man.—Cool guy

Pookie-poo-pants: I'd like to pee in your poopee panties, pookie baby. Love, Pee

Saw you at the bus—slobbered all over my scarf.—guy with jacket

Minnie Mouse—lets go for hash-up, I got nuthin better to do all the time.—Lullieemystie

HAPPY BOB'S nose



...you pick it

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